SIKE CINEMA

Number 2

SCHOOL DAYS

MENONLY SPECIAL

+ JAYNE MANSFIELD

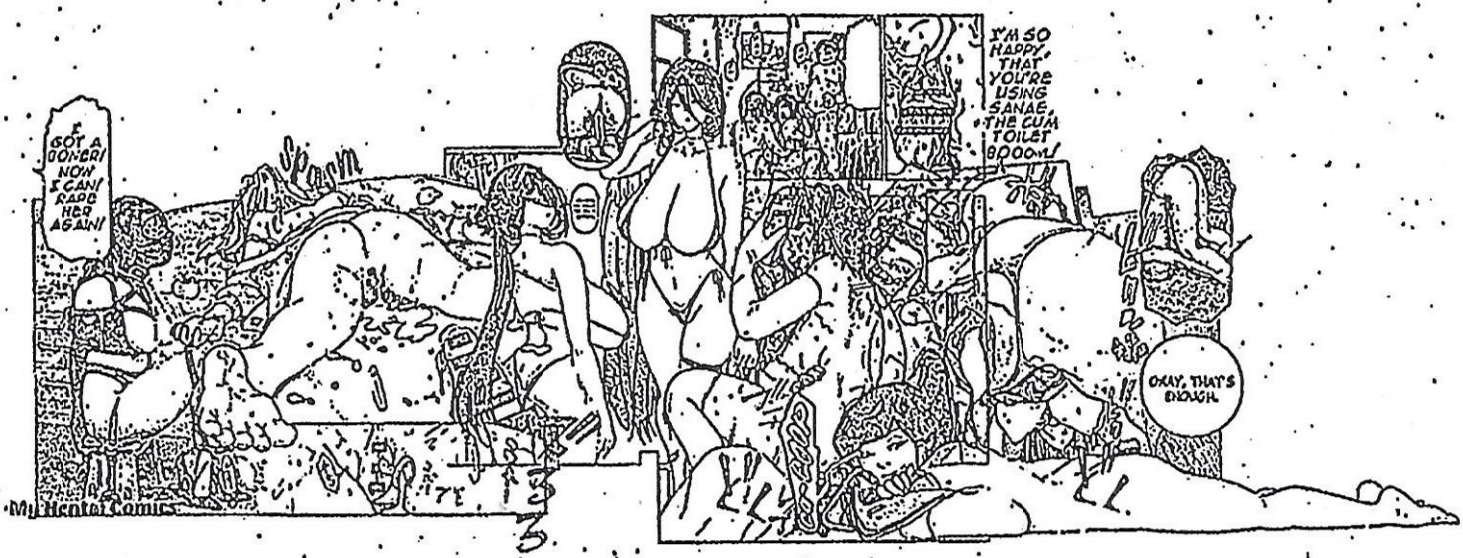
Issue number 2 baby! More d-grade trash, mostly of the tartan skirts and knee high socks variety this time. Think back fondly to the days when horny dudes could happily lust for budding breast and tight young twats. How good we had it!

Stay horny and keep watching those clocks gentelmen!

MORE SWEET YUNG THINGS ON FILM:

* MALIBU HIGH, 1979
* H.O.T.S., 1979
* WALKABOUT, 1971
* STRAW DOGS, 1971
* AMERICAN BEAUTY, 1999
* FIRST DESIRES, 1983
* NAUGHTY GIRL, 1956

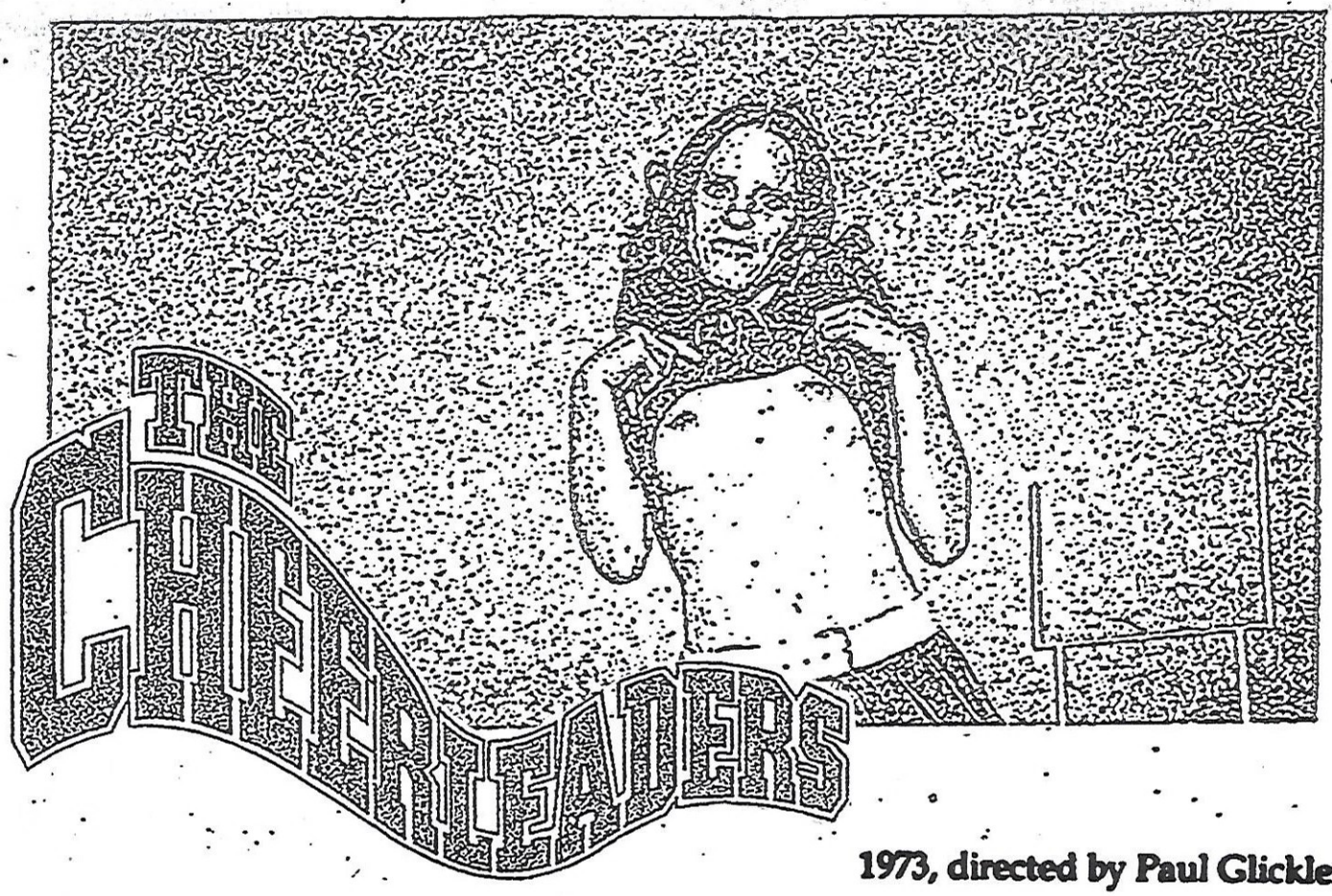
ISSUE 3 COMMING NEVER!


I GOT A BONER! NOW I CAN RAPE HER AGAIN!
Spam
I'M SO HAPPY THAT YOU'RE USING SANAE THE CUM TOILET BOOOM!
OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH
My Hentai Comics

Schoolgirl Hitchhikers

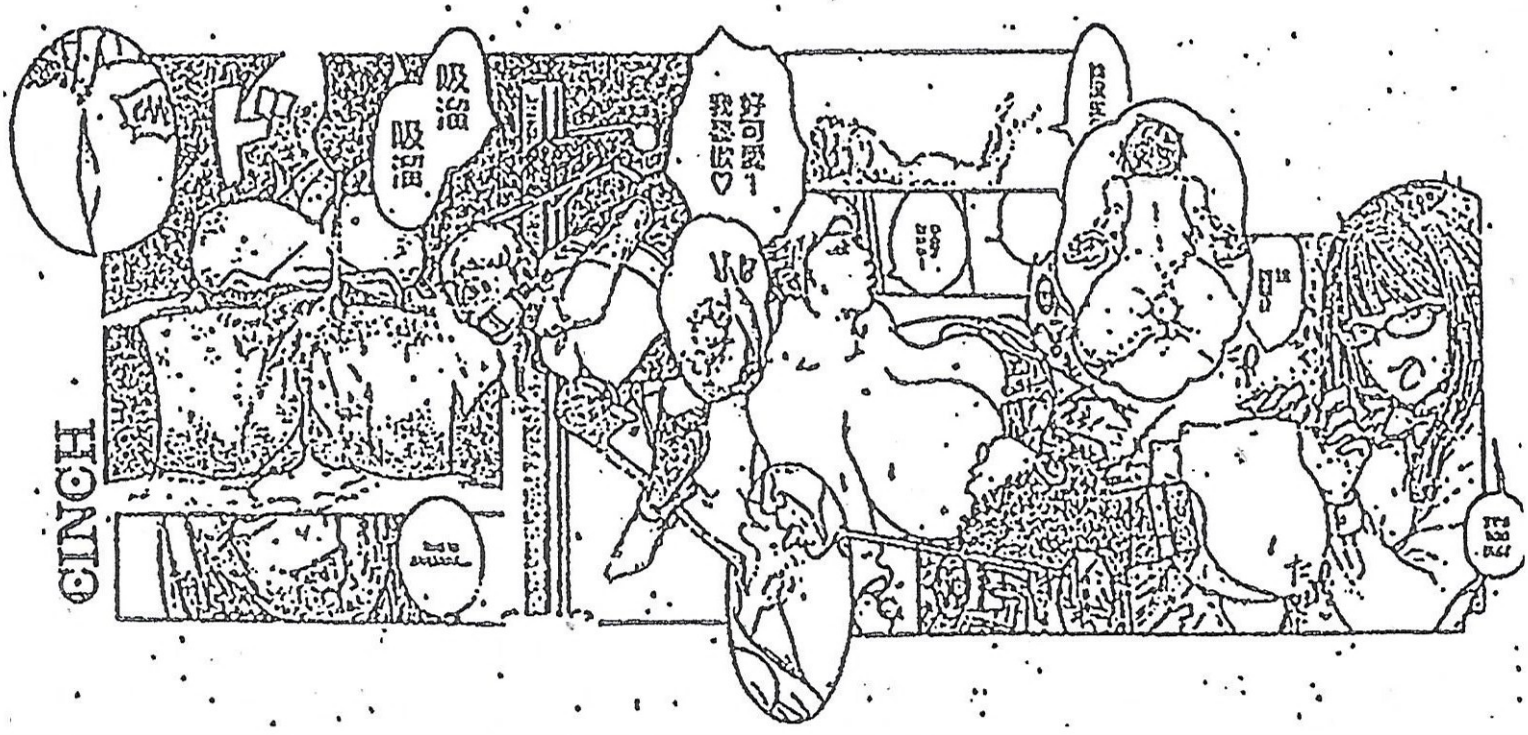
1973, directed by Jean Rollins

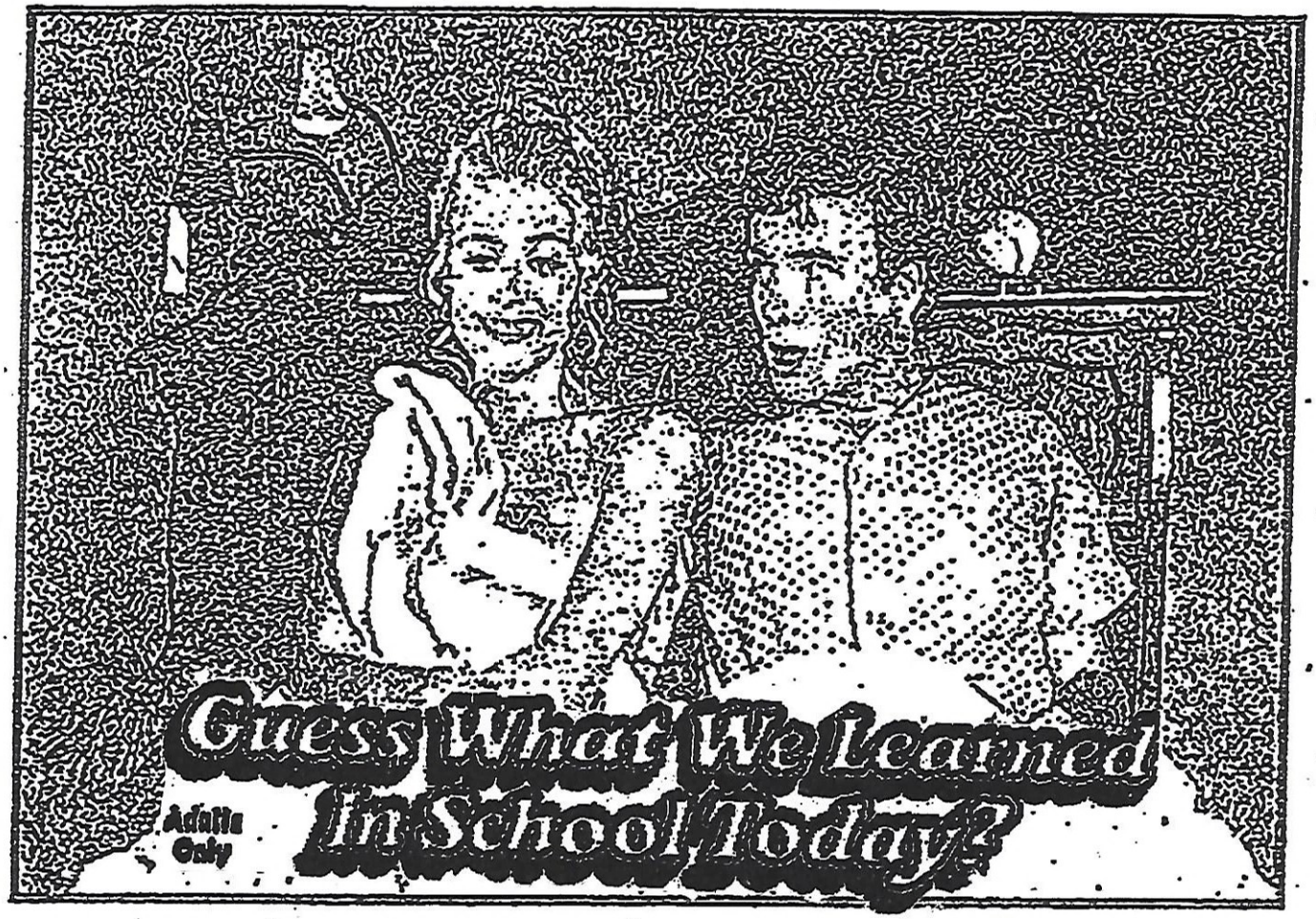
This is what's known in the biz as an art film lol which basically means it's porn, but porn that's kind of confusing ya know and is supposed to make you think about the absurdity of life and stuff while you're jacking off. Having said that, Schoolgirl Hitchhikers is a lot more straightforward than the THE NAKED VAMPIRE, the other Jean Rollins film I reviewed back in issue #1, and was directed under a pseudonym so maybe it was just a quick and dirty cash job intended for porn theatres. Anyways, SH tells the story of two young ingenues (French word for fresh young cooze) who decide to spend the night in what they think is an abandoned country manor. After lezzing out for a bit they discover that they are actually sharing the house with a hoodlum who is on the run from the law after pulling a diamond heist. Fortunately, he is happy to 'adopt' the two girls and their big milky white tits for a night of lovemaking (calling it fucking somehow doesn't seem French enough) & all seems well until the rest of his gang, led by their dominatrix-ass boss bitch, show up to collect the diamonds only to discover they have gone missing in the night. One of the girls gets a mean titty twister in a gazebo-cum-torture chamber and then a private investigator turns up & things get really silly and french new wave-y as people keep popping out from behind curtains holding guns. I guess it's supposed to be a comment on american genre films or something but idk. Three out of four of the films actresses get extensively naked, but we never see the dominatrix lady w her kit off which is disappointing. She spends a lot of time floating around in a trance wearing a big, flow-y gown which I was waiting for her to drop, but alas no such luck. C'est la vie.



1973, directed by Paul Glickler

To be honest the opening credits of this flick introducing us to the film's actresses had me pretty sceptical, as these chicks definitely skew more to the druggy, early-stages-of-hitting-the-skids end of the 70s porn spectrum than the fresh faced innocents I was hoping for. Luckily their budding breasts and those delightful cheerleader skirts were enough to make up for all the bad teeth and blotchy skin & I quickly came to appreciate the realism of the casting. They really seem like the kind of fast and loose chicks that your dad might have hooked up with at some stoned seventies houseparty. Redheaded Suzie in particular gives genuine nympho vibes and you can really picture her servicing the entire football team behind the change rooms after practice. If slutty, vintage schoolgirls are your thing and you enjoy watching puffy teen tits & tight tushes poking out of short pleated skirts, then this is a must watch.

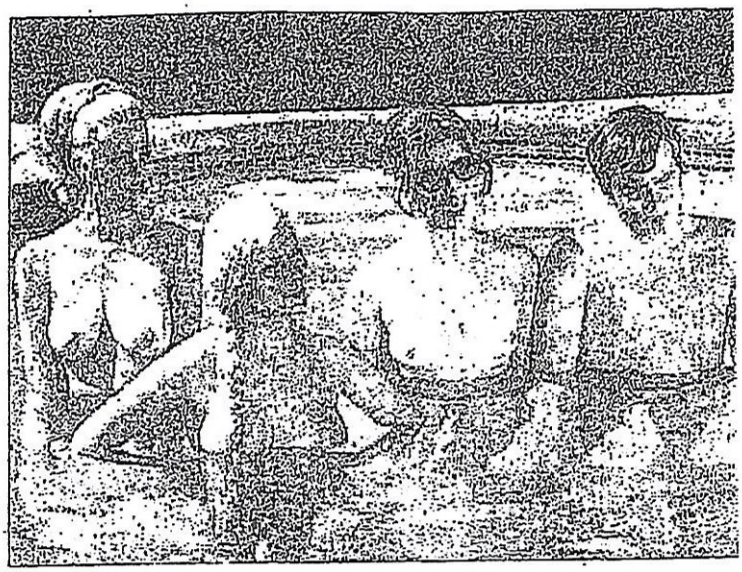




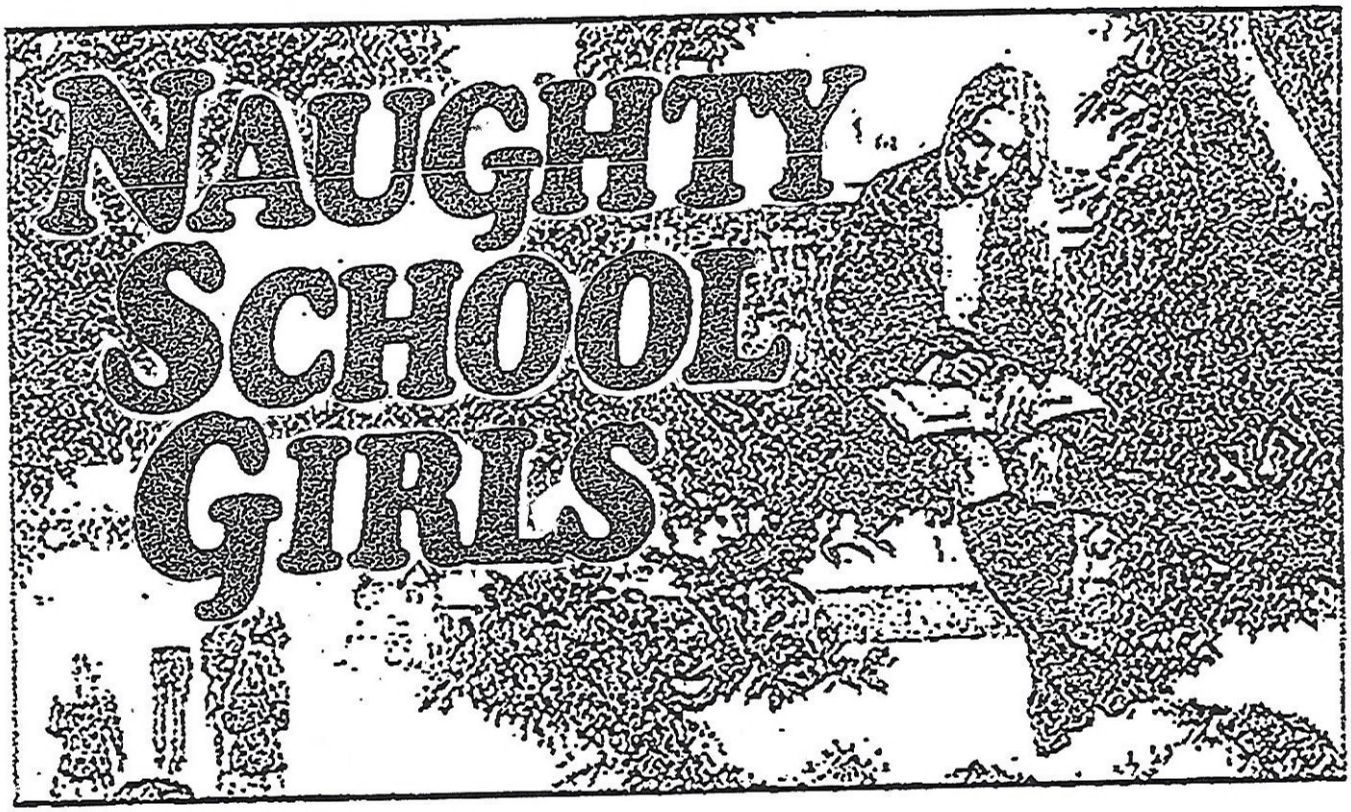
1970, directed by John G. Avildsen

The title of this one is a bit of a cocklease as there isn't a schoolhouse or school uniform in sight besides a few scenes of some old hippy broad yapping to a bunch of children about safe sex & how jacking off is natural yaddayaddayadda. What we get instead is a quaint comedy about a group of buttoned-up suburbanites slowly shedding their sexual hangups via the mind altering effects of pornography, pot, incest fantasies and tranny hookers The first hour or so is fairly sanitary stuff like a nubile sex-therapist babysitter reading erotic stories to her 17 year old ward and some pot-smoking housewives getting close to lezzing out. Horny yes, but nothing shocking

However things take a hard turn towards the end when stoned housewife Rita employs her nympho neighbour Eve (Rosella Olson, whose tits give the film's standout performance) to take her 17 year old son's virginity - and in the process discovers that spying on Junior and the neighbour in actio is the only thing that can get her and hubby back in the mood after a decade-long sex drought.

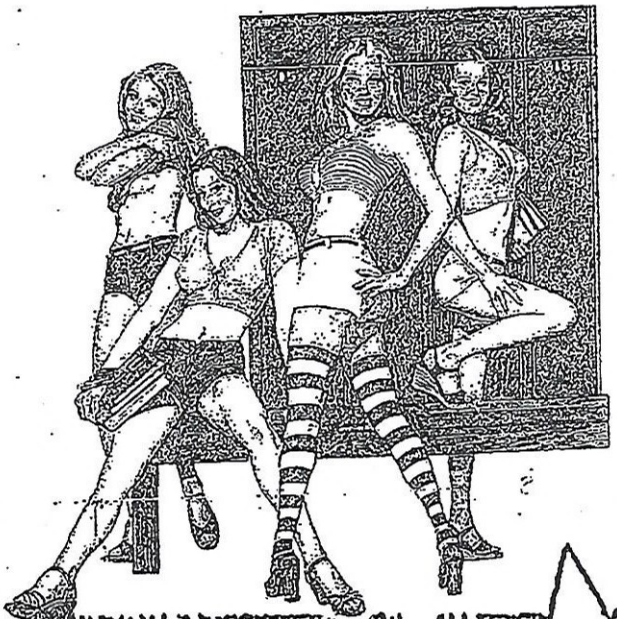


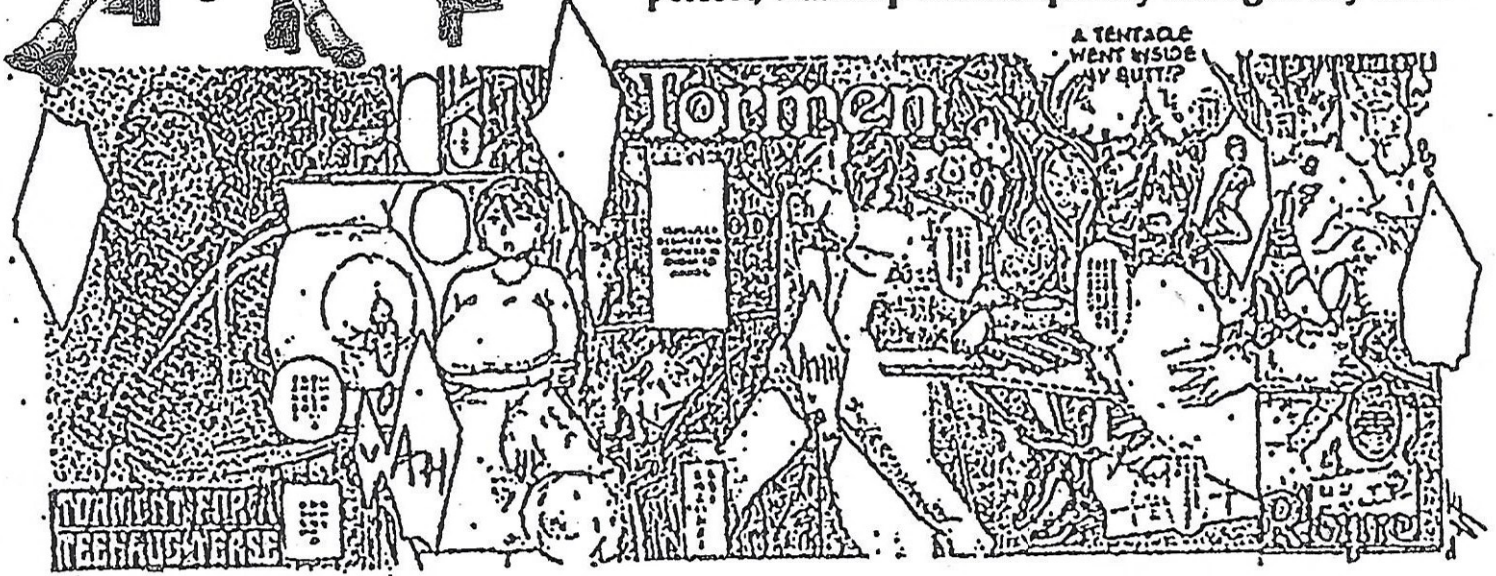
Great, dirty stuff from the guy who would go on to direct Rocky and The Karate Kid.

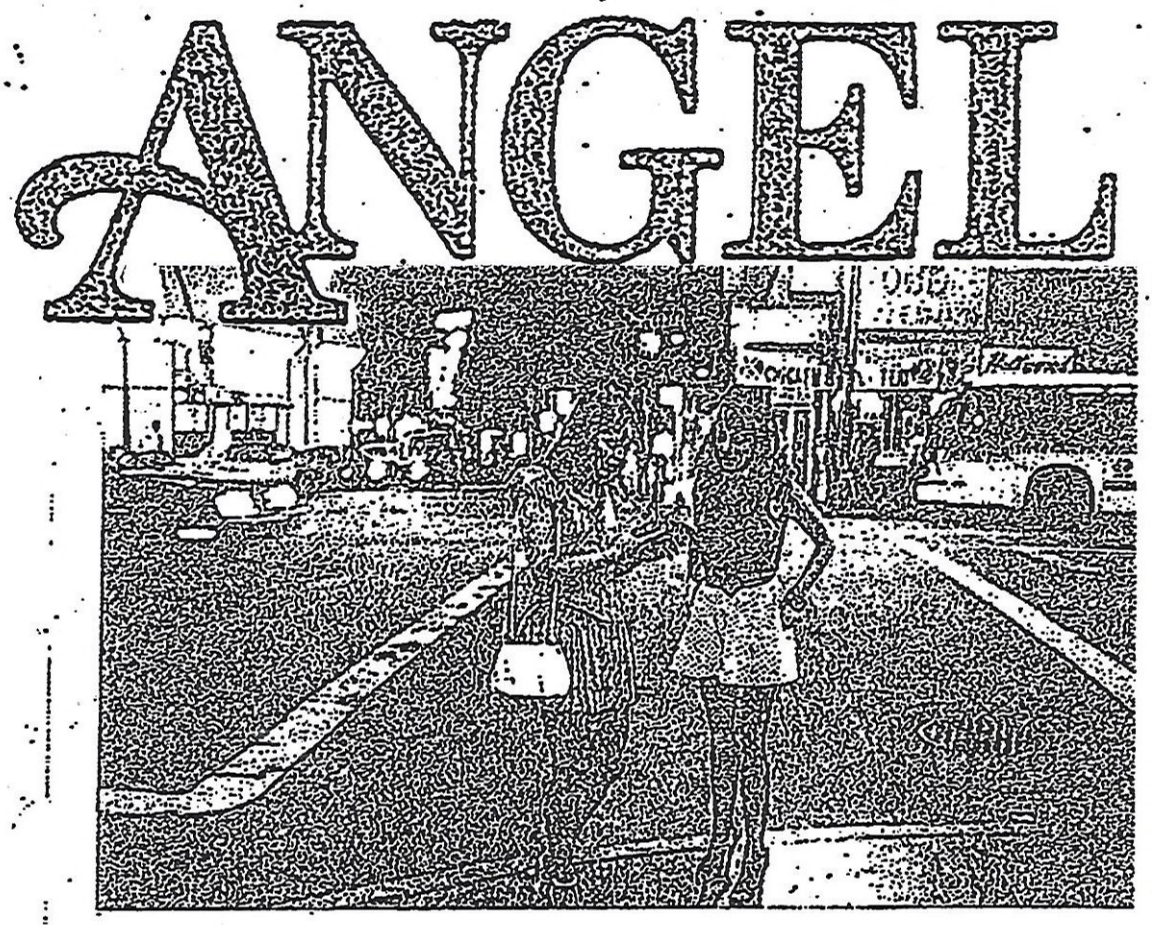


1975, directed by Jean-Paul Scardino

Confirming the old rule of thumb beware a woman too fond of reading as she is probably a freak, 5 poetry-mad teenagers make a pact to lose their respective virginities in the most romantic of ways - by pimping themselves out to various older men for $100 apiece. Being civic-minded however, they earmark the proceeds for the purchase of a new school bell as a gift to their alma mater on graduation day. Less nudity than I would have hoped for in this one, but even w uniforms on the films 'scarlet harlots in blue blazers' are well worth a few tugs and their was enough horny, 70s sleaze to keep me interested. Olive-skinned airhead Rainbow and pale, fleshy Brooke were the sexiest of the five leads to my eye, but unfortunately get the least nude screentime. At first I was pretty indifferent to Pam, the group's gangly ringleader who is the last to shed her virginity - but the final reveal of her perfect, teardrop breasts quickly changed my mind.

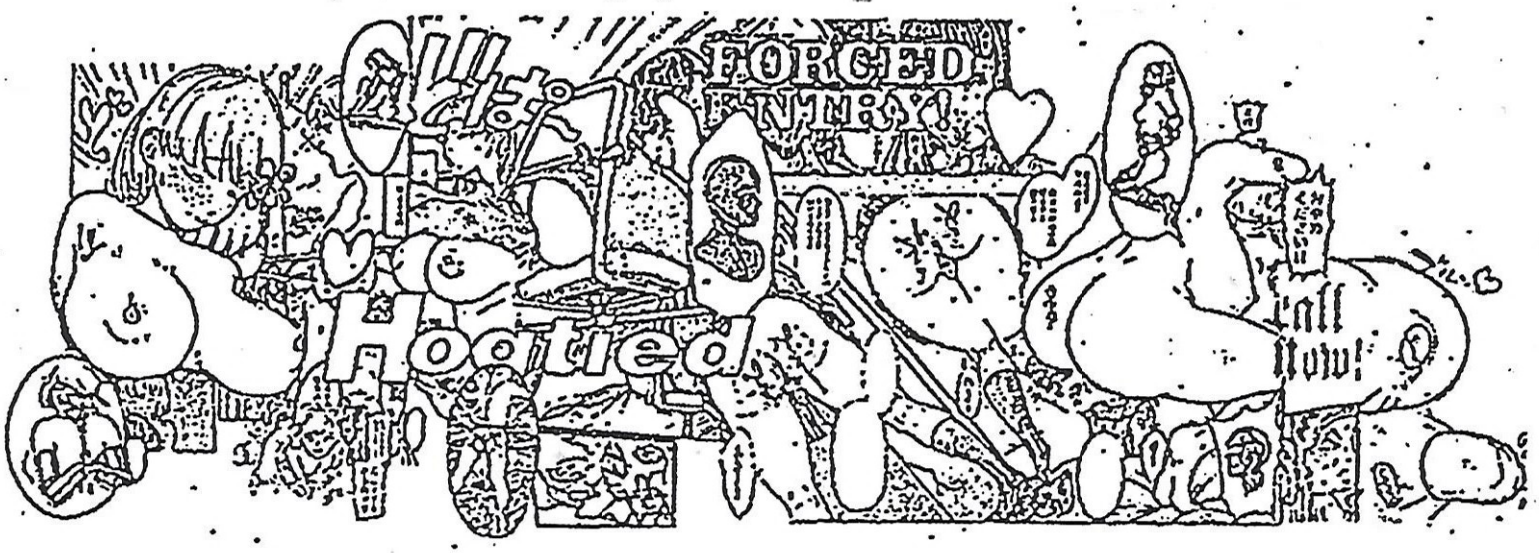






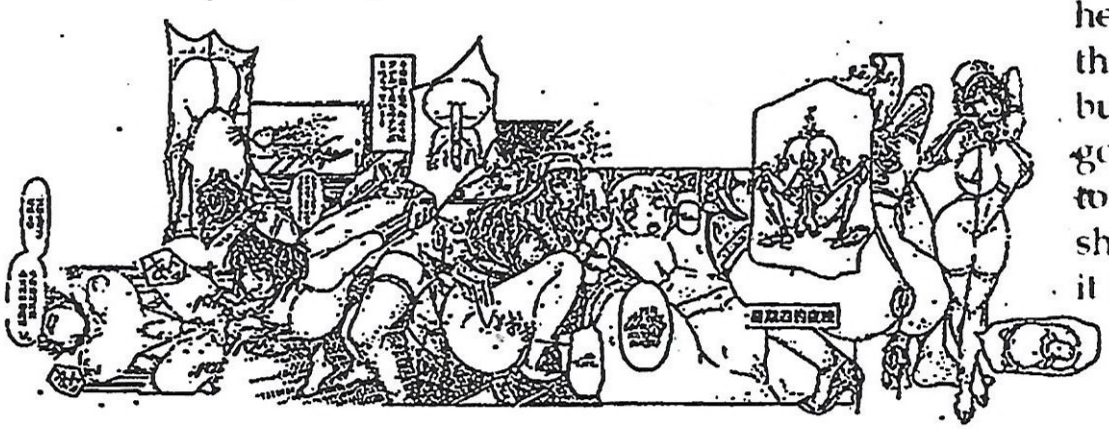
19[illegible], directed Robert Vincent O'Neil

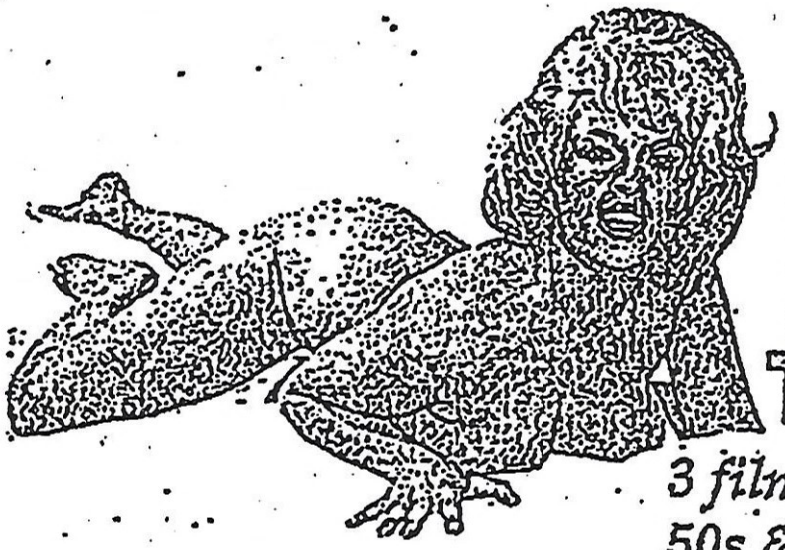
I'm horned up, howling at the moon in the mood for some young gash & the poster for Angel promises to give it to me. Straight-A student by day, streetwalking hooker by night Angel sounds like the ultimate sleazeball pervert romp on paper, but in reality is pretty tame. Lead, Donna Wilkes has a nice pair of legs that look just swell in those knee high schoolgirl socks, but no tits to speak of & has a uncanny, offputting beauty pageant look about her - not really youthful enough to pull off a convincing adolescent she kind of just looks like an underdeveloped, overly tanned 20-something. For a movie about an underage prostitute there is a real lack of sex in this & actually it isn't until about 45 mins in that we finally see some heaving teenage tits on one of Angel's doomed hooker friends. From memory we only ever see Angel herself with one john who gets the line of the movie w "You better be 14 baby or I'm going to throw you back in for being too old" (We later learn she is actually 15 so I guess even jailbait whores lie about their age). The film spends more time lingering over the body of its male serial killer antagonist than any of the girls, so maybe that say something about the filmmaker's real tastes. I wanted some real nasty, grubby sleaze but sadly Angel left me hanging :(



1985, directed by Andrew Sugerman

Watching the top notch neo noir CUTTER'S WAY (1981) the other day I was distracted by the fine piece of ass playing the aggrieved sister, and found myself wondering if she ever did any onscreen nudity? A quick google search revealed her to be one Ann Dusenberry (I'd like to DUSE! on her BERRYs ifyaknowwhatimean) and yes, she featured in the buff a few times - the top result being this silly sounding BASIC TRAINING flick. I was doubly excited to learn that Basic Training also featured pint-sized melon smuggler Angela Aames of H.O.T.S. (1979) fame, in which she steals the show as the naked sky-diver Boom-Boom Bangs. Pre-tit job Rhonda Shear is the third lead in this National Lampoon-lite, kind-of-feminist lark about Pentagon secretaries using their physical charms to climb the career ladder - which sounds super gay & preachy but thankfully there are enough tits to make the girlpower brainwashing go down fairly easily. Frigid Melinda (Dusenberry) holds out until the last minute, but eventually we are rewarded w a good look at her perky, respectable cans in a kinky strip tease for the Russki ambassador. Tbh her boobs really aren't that impressive size-wise but the film does such a good job of building up to their reveal that when she does finally strip off it feels well-earned.





JAYNE MANSFIELD TRIPLE BILL

3 films from the JUGS-ernaut of 50s & 60s cinema...

THE GIRL CAN'T HELP IT!

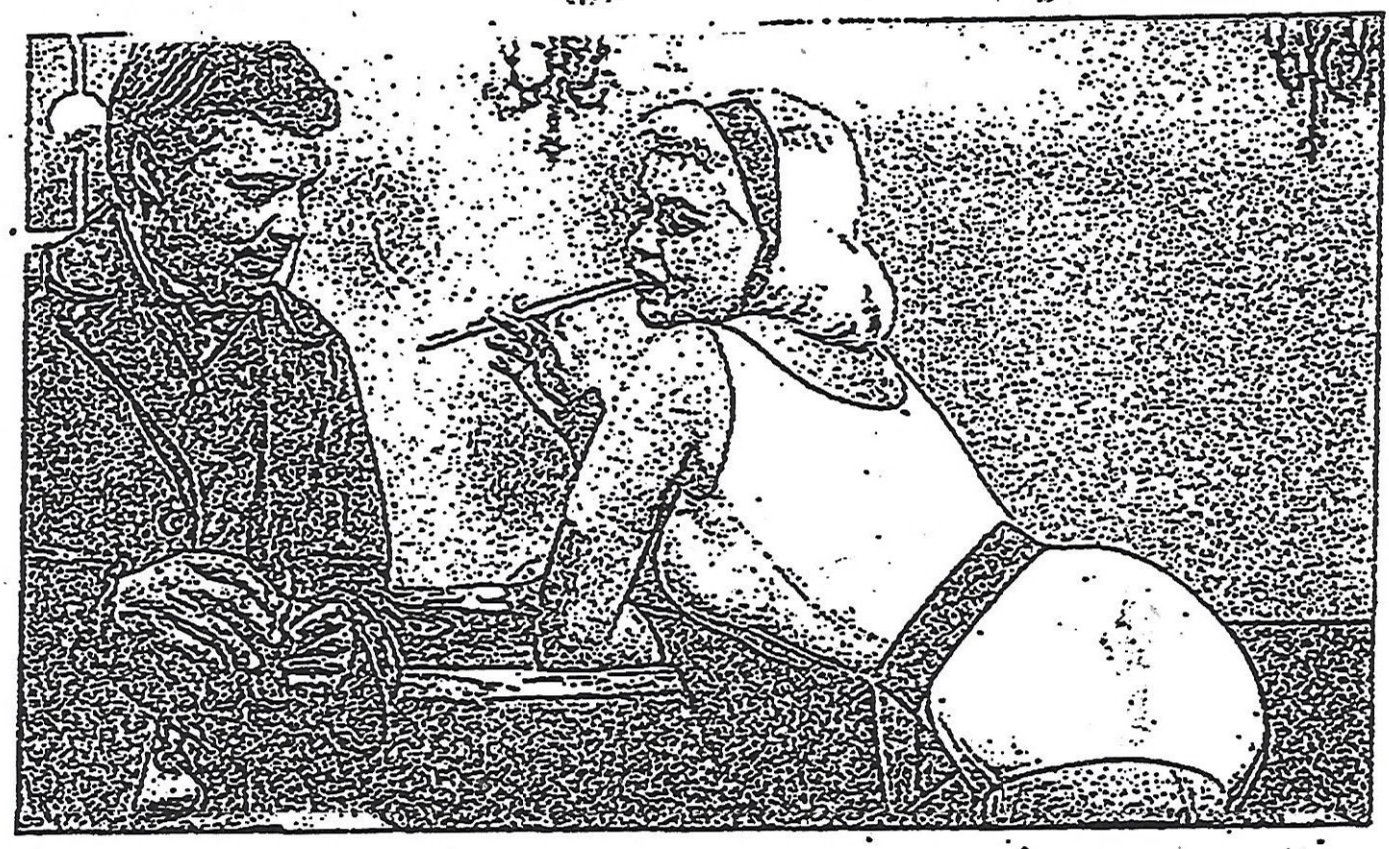
1956, directed by Frank Tashlin

♫She's got a figure made to squeeze!♫ She sure fucking does! This was my first foray into the filmography of Jayne Mansfield, not counting the mondo documentary The Wild, Wild World of Jayne Mansfield which I watched years ago and barely remember, and I was massively impressed to learn that in addition to her famously hefty bazoongas she was also running a giant pear-shaped booty - the natty version of these diaper BBLs that all the instagram hoes are getting nowadays. Midcentury America was so obsessed w tits that you barely ever hear about Jayne's giant donk which to my eyes is the most impressive of her ample assets. When Jayne isn't steaming up the screen in one of her tightly cinched gowns this is a fairly limp story about a washed up talent agent hired to make Mansfield a star by her gangster boyfriend. It's all stitched together w a bunch of rock'n'roll musical numbers which are historically kind of interesting, but tbh I would have preferred to just watch ol' Jane sashay around for 90 minutes. She's doing this high-pitched girlish voice that is unconvincing and seems to me she would have been better as a Mae West type sexpot, but I guess the studio really wanted another Marilyn so we got this off-kilter minnie mouse impression instead. However The squeaking and the largely irrelevant plot are easily forgiven whenever Jayne waddles her giant caboose into frame. Mwah!

JAYNE
MANSFIELD

1960, directed by Terence Young

Jayne and her diabolical curves slink onto the screen wearing a tight, white leotard number that just about knocked me out of my damn seat! And from there the costmes only get steamier in this showgirl romp through London's underground strip joints. The girdles hang on for dear life, squeezing Jayne's already epic hourglass proportions into ever more breathtaking silhouettes as she stumbles through a series of charmingly amateurish musical numbers which seem hastily thrown together and captured on the first take. The supporting cast of bosomy backups are more convincing dancers & sizzle in their various pasty-clad strip scenes, but lack Jayne's captivating presence. Diminuitive jaibait newcomer Ponytail (played by British sex symbol Barbara Windsor) is the only one to rival Jayne's curves and would go on to an illustrious career as a regular in the horny 'Carry On' films.



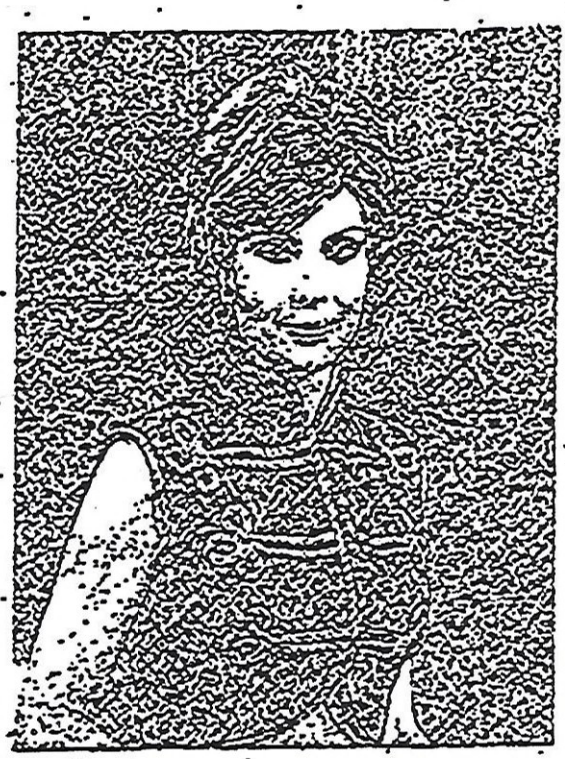
PROMISES . . . . PROMISES!

1963, directed by King Donovan

Jayne broke new ground here as the first major Hollywood star to whip her cans out on-screen in the post-Hays Code era. Beyond that this drunken comedy about paternal uncertainty aboard a cruise ship doesn't have much else going for it - something the film-makers clearly realised, as they get to the first shot of Jayne frolicking naked within the first 5 minutes and then repeat the same couple of nude shots every 20 minutes or so throughout the rest of the movie.

Jayne's tits are the best proof of modern boob-flation as, despite being considered outrag-eously busty at the time,they really aren't "that big" .. She has a hardy, workhorse frame, and stripped of all the makeup and the platinum blonde hair it's easy to picture her working a field w a baby on her hip. Had she lived longer she probably would have cont-inued to droop and expand until she became one of those rectangular, shopkeeper matron types like Maria Antonietta Beluzzi in Amarcord. Anyways, that's what I was thinking about instead of really paying attention to this dull film. The fruitcake hairdresser character was fun but seek this one out only for Jayne's knockers! Better yet, just look up the screen-shots online!

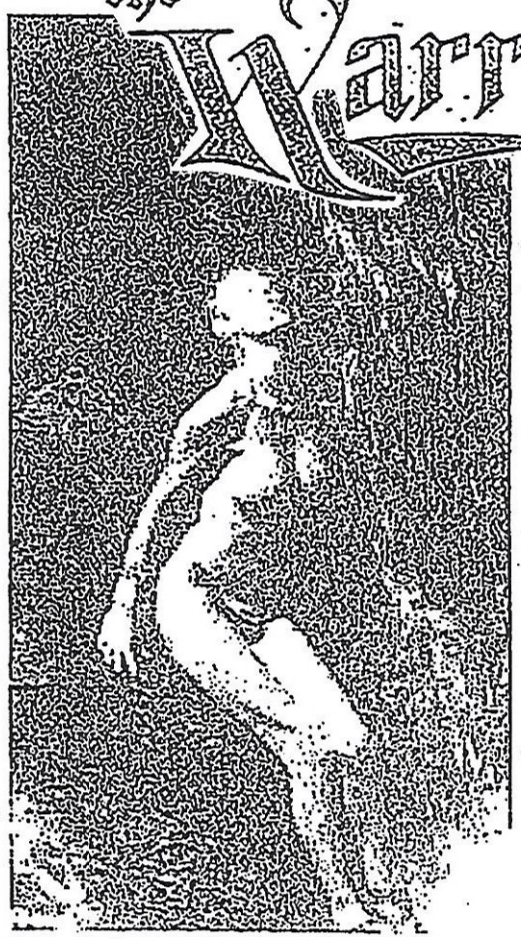
WHO KILLED THE CENTERFOLD MODEL?



1977, directed by Russ Mayberry

Barbara Eden goes undercover as a porno theatre usherette and Ann Dusenberry pops up again (see 'Basic Training' review) as a doomed underage nympho in this tv pilot that never got picked up. Eden is well past her 'I Dream of Genie' prime, but is still sexy and her rack is still impressively outsized on her petite frame. The shots of her catwalking through LA's seedy porno theatre district are great & the supporting cast of leggy 70s babes are worth a look.

Phoenix the Warrior



1988, directed by Robert Hayes

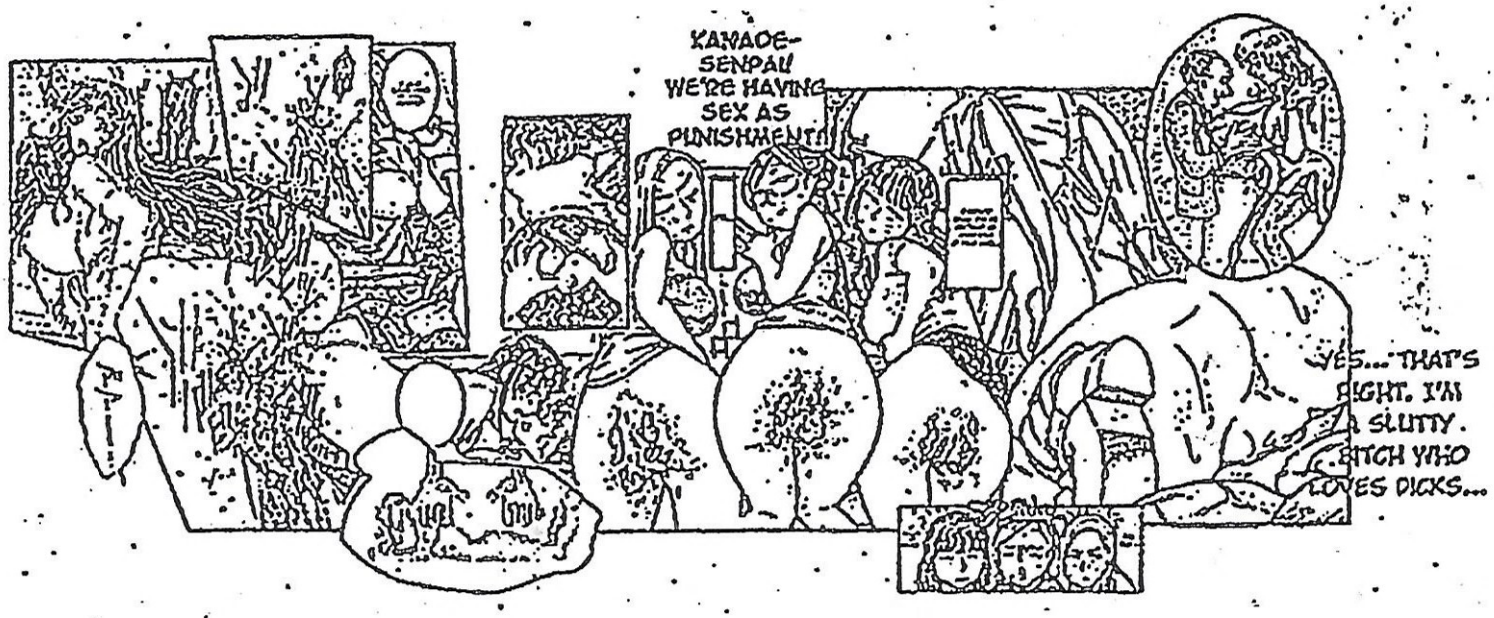
Gynocratic Mad Max rip off featuring a bunch of man-hating, long-butt-ed 1980s chicks hunting the last male child on earth across the wastes of what was once civilization. Truly a vision of our longhoused, feminist future! Most of the actresses are pretty busted unfortunately, but I liked the milkcow gladiator lady and the one chick w big fake tits bathing under the waterfall. A word to the wise - if you're an evil supervillain reliant on a life support system to keep you alive maybe don't leave the cords lying around for anyone w a pair of scissors to come in and snip.

DIARY OF A MAD OLD MAN

1962, directed by Keigo Kimura

If Ozu had made one of his generational family dramas about a geriatric pervert lusting after his daughter in law, it would look something like this underseen simp masterpiece. Ayako Wakao is incredible as ice queen Satsuko, the erotic obsession of her frail father in law Utsugi. Left in charge of looking after the old man, she instead delights in humiliating him - finding ways to con the poor bastard into buying her expensive gifts in exchange for brief foot worshipping sessions.

Big time foot freak Utsugi is willing to throw it all away for a chance to taste his materialistic daughter-in-law's toe jam & delights in sucking and slobbering all over those hoofs w reckless abandon. His raptures almost lead to his heroic demise - suffocated to death under Satsuko's lusty arches, but alas he survives to suck another day. One is left thinking though that he would have been happier going out in a true foot fanatic's blaze of glory - suffocating on a mouthful of his muse's ripe young toes. A real yearner classic that could only have come from that stronghold of repressed perverts, Japan

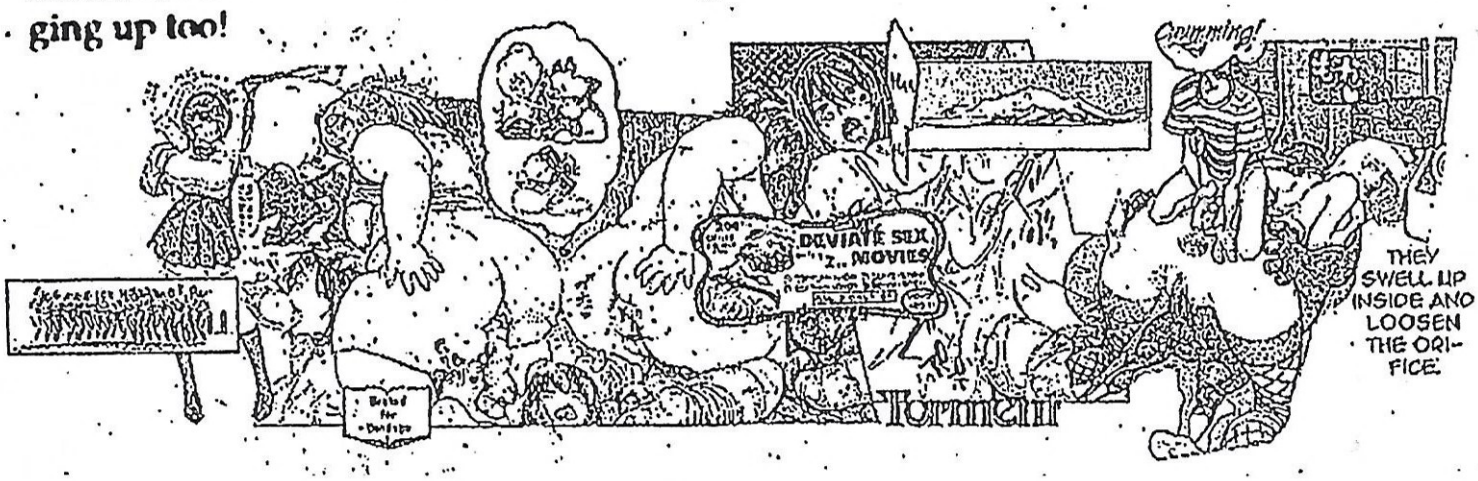


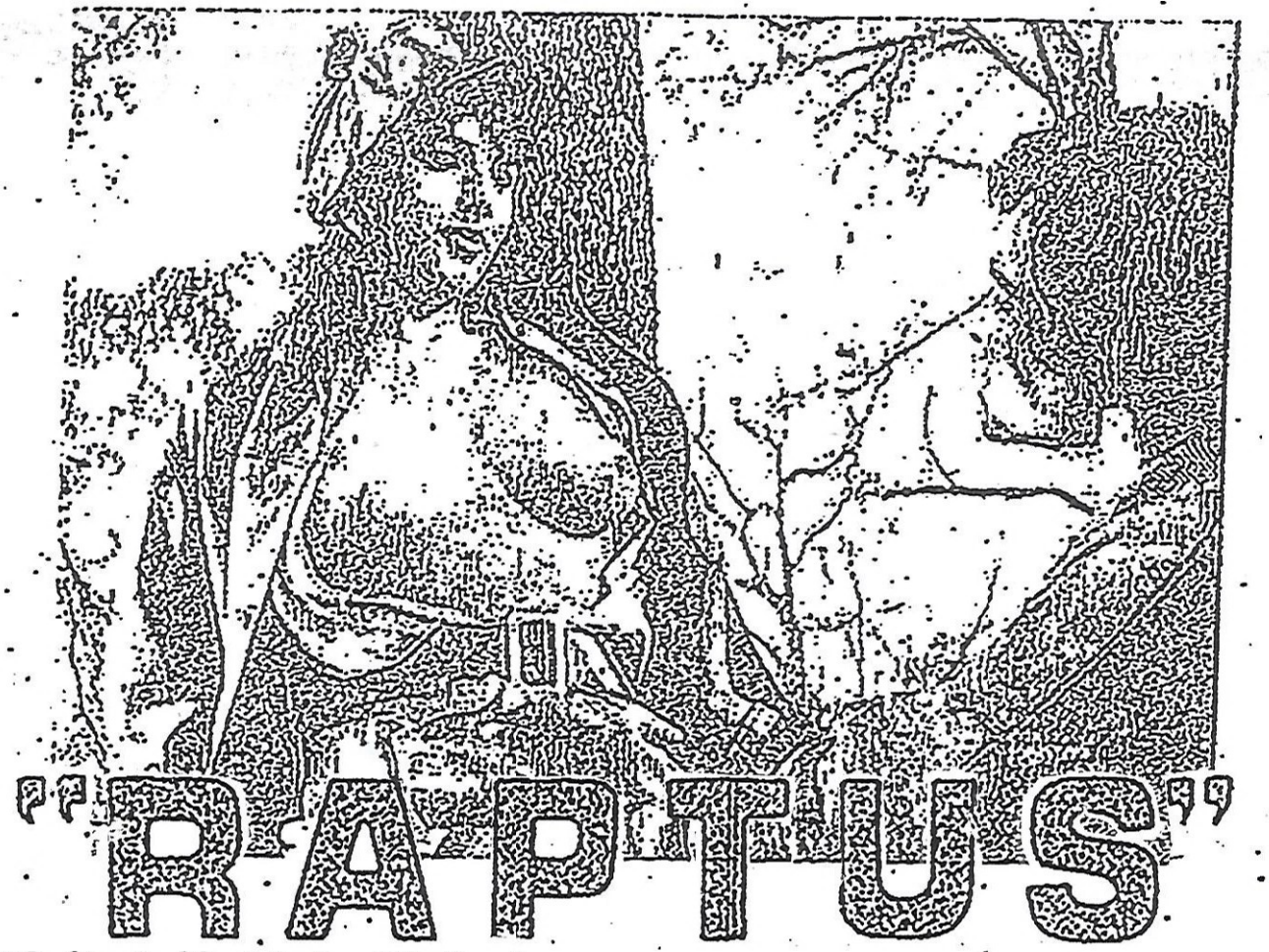
FANTASM

1976, directed by Richard Franklin

Softcore porno-anthology film from Aussie director Richard Franklin, who would go on to direct the serious contender for greatest-aussie-film-of-all-time ROAD GAMES... and you already know from his casting of Jamie Lee Curtis in that that Franklin is a man who appreciates a set of giant knockers - and Fantasm is filled to the brim w em. You've got Uschi Digard's giant Swedish swingers steaming up a lesbo sauna scene, Candy Samples' legendary chest canons popping in for a quick incest number w her soldier boy son (which I wasn't really into at first until soldier boy started dead-eyed recounting war stories while Candy wrapped her giant soapy tits around his neck) and then in a great snapshot of seventies Australiana, the mysterious Gretchen Gayle (which is the most Aussie sounding name ever, but apparently she was a yank) fucks a rogue panty-sniffer w a strapon in her incredible lime-green kitchen. Even ol' big dick Johnny Wadd aka John C Holmes swims through for an erotic fruit salad scene, so clearly Franklin had an eye for all forms of well-endowment.

For the purposes of this issue though, the standout scene is Roxanne Brewer's turn as a schoolgirl tease, scrawling fellatio-inspired messages on the blackboard and flexing her impressive pectorals at her helpless schoolmaster. Sure, her giant fake cans stretching her uniform to breaking point make it so that she isn't suuuuuuper convincing as an innocent young schoolgirl... but heck! seeing her wiggle her tight little bum around in those cute white knickers that girls used to wear would have my glasses fogging up too!





1969, directed by Marino Girolami

Perusing a 1969 issue of Cinema X magazine (a great source for discovering old boobie movies) one pair of tits in particular jumped out at me. Misattributed to some film called Eros & Thanatos?? some internet sleuthing revelead the realease title to be RAPTUS & the tits belonged to one Caterina Barbero who, playing a 17-year old prostitute, strips off & is promptly murdered within about 3 minutes of the opening credits. What follows is a triptych about criminally insane sex murderers, narrated with a whole bunch of limp-wristed lefty psychobabble about murder being society's fault or some crap like that.. If you can bear the therapy mumbo jumbo there are lots of great 1960s Italian tits to enjoy. I particularly enjoyed the middle story about an ultra creepy, doll-collecting old pervert, obsessed with his young neighbour who he spies on across the courtyard of their apartment building.. A timely reminder to never trust an accountant. Psychopaths all!

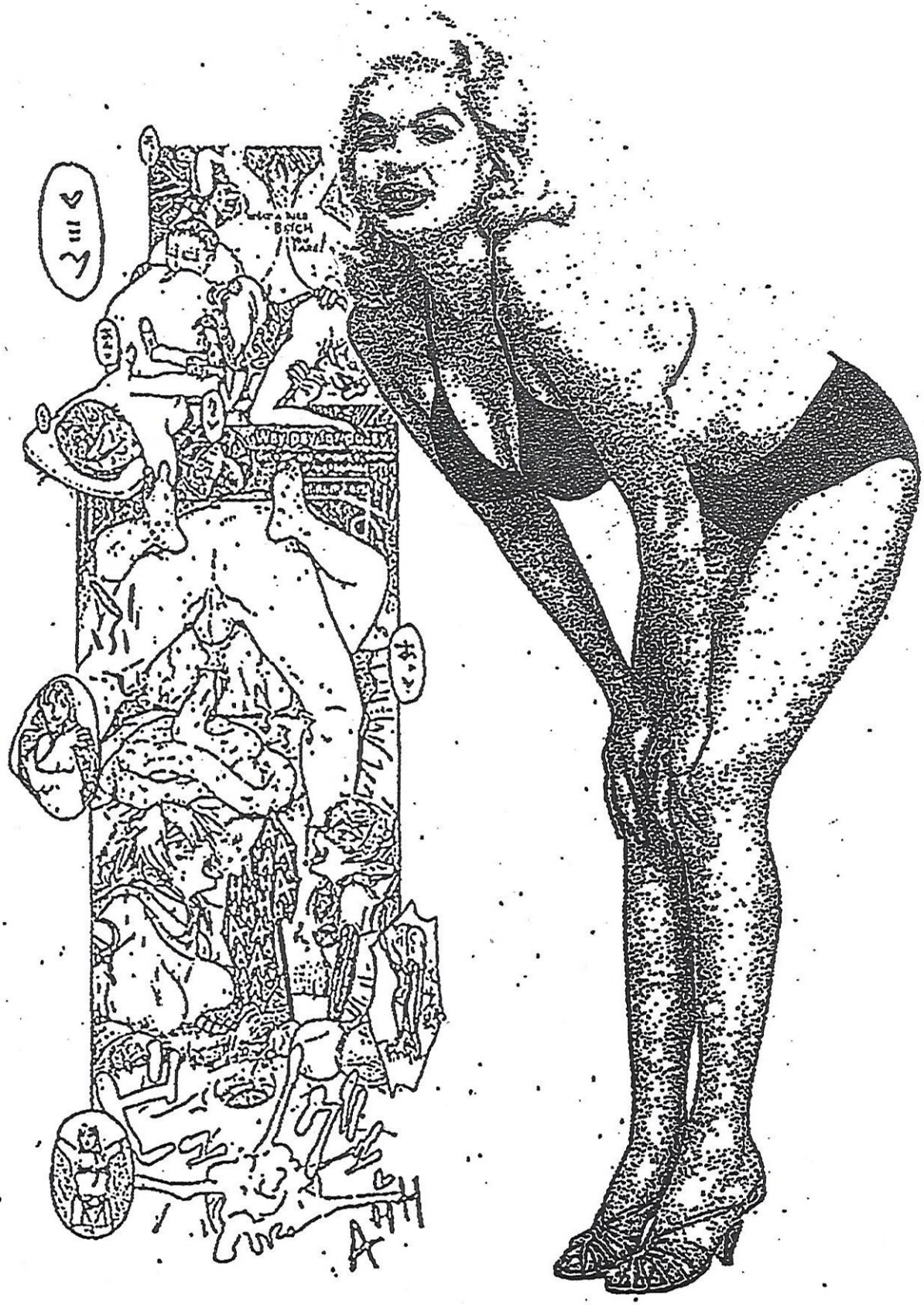
BOSS AND
THE BOYS

The Swinging Cheerleaders

1974, directed by Jack Hill

Few things are more disappointing than when the hottest chick in a film never gets her kit off, as is the case w busty blonde Colleen Camp in this less-exciting-than-it-sounds flick about an undercover student journalist (Jo Johnston) who discovers a match-fixing plot while working on an exposé about the exploitation of cheerleaders... To make matters worse, I looked up the aforementioned Camp and as I suspected she has some goddamn cannons on her! which she happily whipped out a couple of years later in SMILE (1975) and DEATH GAME (1977, the screenshots from which look truly impressive) so maybe check those out instead...

As a consolation prize, the beautiful, doe-eyed Cheryl Smith briefly shows off her giant, inflated cans (look up her nude appearance in POM POM GIRLS a few years earlier to see the difference & give thanks to silicone manufacturers everywhere) & there is a cute black chick too if you are into that kind of thing. Jo Johnston, the film's lead, is unfortunately the scrawniest of the bunch, but has beautiful smokey eyes, pouty dick sucking lips & a kind ofmodern, cool girl look that wouldn't be out of place at a "queer poetry for gaza" gig or some shit in 2025.



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